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She's dead, he tells himself for the thousandth time. She died in my arms. And when I touched her next, that last time I ever touched her, it wasn't her, not any more, it was something cold, cold and empty.

She cannot be alive...

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ELEKTRA LIVES AGAIN

EPIC COMICS

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She cannot be alive.

But isn't that her scent, at least a hint of it, riding the winter breeze? What is it, if not her, that wakes him in the darkest hours of morning with the taste of her sweat on his tongue, the warmth of her skin tingling his fingertips, her rustling, throaty chuckle still echoing through the halls of his lonely home?

No. She lived an assassin's life, and paid the price. He heard her heart flutter and fail, felt her final shudder, and there was no doubt, no hope of doubt that she was gone. Gone forever.

But soon the distinction between reality and nightmare evaporates. How can he ignore what is happening? How can he deny it? It's her...her fingernails in the flesh of his back, her arms around him, her lips on his, wanting him, loving him, devouring him – just as it is her beating heart at the whirling center of her hellish attack.

Dead or alive, she's back.

MILLER
VARLEY

ELEKTRA

LIVES AGAIN

EPIC COMICS®

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MON
·APR 1·

A STRING OF ART DIRECTOR TYPES BRIEFCASE THEIR WAY PAST ME AT THE TAXI STAND ON PARK. BUT THERE'S A LIMIT, EVEN TO THE NUMBER OF NEW YORK ART DIRECTORS, SO I MANAGE TO FLAG THE FIFTH CAB TO COME ALONG...

...AND PAY THREE FIFTY PLUS TIP FOR TWENTY MINUTES OF HALTING TRAFFIC AND A SHAKY IMPERSONATION OF ROBERT DENIRO BY A DRIVER WHO'S FIVE YEARS TOO YOUNG TO BE THE CRAZED VET HE SAYS HE IS.

THE TRAFFIC STOPS COLD AT HUDSON WITH NO HOPE OF MOVEMENT IN THIS LIFE, SO I WALK THE LAST FOUR BLOCKS TO ST. BART'S, PINNED BETWEEN GHETTO BLASTERS AND PLAYING HOPSCOTCH OVER THE HOPELESS AND THINKING ABOUT ELEKTRA.

IT ISN'T THE KIND OF MORNING I'D EXPECT TO FIND HER ON MY MIND.

BUT THEN, I'VE HAD THE WHOLE NIGHT TO PRACTICE.

THE CONFESSIONALS HUG THE WALL LIKE TELEPHONE BOOTHS.

I CLIMB INTO ONE.

THE SWEAT IS COLD ON MY CHEST. MY THROAT IS A CUP OF SAND. I SAY THE WORDS.

FORGIVE ME FATHER FOR I HAVE SINNED

MY LIFE... HAS BEEN A SELFISH AND HATEFUL ONE. I'VE SCORNED MY FRIENDS, DAMAGED THE PEOPLE WHO NEED ME MOST. I'VE...

...FATHER?

YES, MY SON. CONTINUE.

I'VE BEEN A SLAVE TO PAIN, AND IT'S MADE ME HATE. I'VE HATED THE CHURCH, BECAUSE I HAD TO LEAVE MY FATHER'S BODY HERE...

...AND WHEN I NEEDED TO FIND A REASON FOR HIS DEATH, SOME SORT OF MEANING IN IT, THE CHURCH COULDN'T--

MY SON...

...PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TELL ME WHAT IT IS THAT'S TORMENTING YOU. WE'LL GET TO THE SINS LATER.

TORMENT... I GUESS THAT'S WHAT THIS IS, FATHER. I HAVEN'T SLEPT IN DAYS. I MEAN, I'VE SLEPT, BUT THAT'S...

FATHER, I'M SO AFRAID.

WHEN I WAS IN COLLEGE, FATHER, I FELL IN LOVE. LIKE A TON OF BRICKS, I FELL IN LOVE. I'D BEEN LONELY ALL MY LIFE...

IT WAS AS IF GOD HAD GIVEN ME TWELVE MONTHS OF JOY TO PREPARE ME FOR ALL THE HORROR TO COME.

BECAUSE IT CAME, FATHER. BELIEVE ME.

SHE HAD WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL AN ABNORMAL ATTACHMENT TO HER FATHER. SHE'D SPENT HER LIFE TRAVELLING, WITH HIM AS THE ONLY CONSTANT. THEN I CAME ALONG...

AS THE MONTHS PASSED, I COULD FEEL HER DEEPEST AFFECTIONS TURN TOWARD ME. PERHAPS, IF WE'D HAD MORE TIME, SHE...

BUT TIME WE DIDN'T HAVE. HER FATHER WAS SHOT TO DEATH. RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER. AND SHE COULDN'T HANDLE IT.

SHOT? HOW?

DOES IT MATTER?

I SUPPOSE NOT...

SHE DECLARED HER OWN KIND OF WAR ON THE ENTIRE WORLD. SHE LEFT ME, BECAME A CRIMINAL, A KILLER...

SHE LEARNED AWFUL, MYSTICAL THINGS THAT MADE HER FIERCER, CRUELER... JOINED AN ARCANE ORDER OF ASSASSINS THAT MADE HER CORRUPTION NEARLY COMPLETE...

NEARLY-- BUT NEVER ENTIRELY THAT'S WHY SHE DIED.

I WON'T GO INTO THE DETAILS, FATHER. SHE WAS MURDERED, BY A RIVAL ASSASSIN.

YOU MAY GO INTO THE DETAILS, MY SON, IF IT WILL EASE YOUR SOUL OF THIS BURDEN.

I'D RATHER NOT.

I GUESS I HAVEN'T REALLY RECOVERED FROM HER DEATH, FATHER. THOUGH SOMETIMES, I THINK I'LL GET OVER IT.

SOMETIMES HOURS GO BY WHEN I DON'T EVEN THINK OF HER.

SOMETIMES I ACTUALLY WAKE UP IN THE MORNING GLAD TO BE ALIVE.

I THOUGHT I COULD COPE. I WAS DOING SO WELL BUT...

...BUT SHE'S HAUNTING ME, FATHER. THIS PAST WEEK...

I SHOULD'VE MENTIONED THIS BEFORE, FATHER. I'M BLIND. HAVE BEEN, EVER SINCE AN ACCIDENT IN MY YOUTH.

BUT I STILL HAVE THE MEMORY OF SIGHT, AND WHEN I DREAM, I CAN SEE.

WHEN I DREAM... THAT'S ABOUT ALL I'VE BEEN DOING LATELY. DREAMING. AND IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME DREAM. EVERY TIME.

IT STARTS WITH DARKNESS. THE ROAR OF A HIGH WIND. AND SNOW...

THE SNOW HAS AFFECTED EVERYONE, MY SON. IT IS ODD, THIS LATE IN SPRING. DISTURBING.

AND THEN I CAN SEE HER...

...AS BEAUTIFUL AS I ALWAYS IMAGINED. SHE'S SOMEWHERE COLD AND IMPOSSIBLY REMOTE. A CLIFF SHE'S SCALED.

SHE'S PROUD OF THE CLIMB. HAPPY.

THEN SHE PALES. IN FRONT OF HER, STUCK IN THE SNOW, ARE HER WEAPONS. THE WEAPONS SHE USED TO MURDER SO MANY.

THEY DON'T BELONG HERE. SHE DOESN'T WANT THEM. SHE GRABS THEM, IN A RAGE, AND THROWS THEM FROM THE CLIFF.

SHE RUNS TO A POOL OF WATER, THRUSTS HER HANDS THROUGH ITS ICY CRUST, TRIES TO WASH HERSELF CLEAN--AS IF ALL HER SINS COULD BE SO EASILY WASHED AWAY.

BUT SHE'S CUT HERSELF. AND SHE BLEEDS. AND THE WATER --IT TURNS TO **BLOOD**. IT'S ALL **OVER** HER.

SHE'S THERE IN A POOL OF **BLOOD**. JUST **STARING** AND **STAR**

MY SON...

...YOU ARE HAUNTED, AS YOU SAY. BUT ONLY IN YOUR OWN HEART.

YOU HAVE SUFFERED A GRIEVOUS LOSS. YOU MUST HAVE STRENGTH, NOW

AND YOU MUST LET GO OF HER.

LET US PRAY.

SO I PRAY. I PRAY LONGER AND HARDER THAN I DID WHEN MY FATHER SENT ME TO THIS SAME BOOTH FOR STEALING CANDY WHEN I WAS SIX YEARS OLD.

I PRAY TO THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST, TO ALL THE SAINTS I CAN REMEMBER. I PRAY ON AND ON UNTIL MY VOICE IS CRACKING AND THE WORDS SOUND DRUNKEN AND STUPID.

THEN I GO HOME AND LIE DOWN.

AND I SLEEP.

AND I DREAM

TVS
·APR 2·

ONE WAY

DON'T WALK

NOT AGAIN-- I CAN'T--

NNGNOOO

CHINK

ONLY TOLD THE *PRIEST*

PART OF THE DREAM

SPARED HIM

THE WORST OF IT

THE PART WHERE THE *DETAILS CHANGE*

EVERY TIME

THEY'RE *CLOSE*

SHE CAN *HEAR* THEM

HER *CHAINS* TANGLE ON A *TREE ROOT*

OUT IN THE OPEN

THEY CAN SEE HER

SOME OF THEM HOBBLE ON BLOODLESS STUMPS

SOME CRAWL ON THEIR BELLIES

DRAGGING COLD ENTRAILS

SOME CURSE HER

SOME LAUGH

THE ONES WITH LEGS ARE FASTER

THE REST HAVE LEARNED TO BE PATIENT

THE REST

SO MANY

SO MANY

JEAN-MARC GILLON IS THE FIRST TO CATCH UP WITH HER

HE USUALLY IS

HE'S THE BEST RUNNER

HE SPENT A LIFETIME RUNNING FROM PARIS POLICE

UNTIL ELEKTRA SHOVED HIS STILETTO THROUGH HIS EYE AND INTO HIS BRAIN

HE REMINDS HER OF THIS ONE MORE TIME

HER EYEBALL BURSTS

FAT LUCIUS GANT TELLS JEAN-MARC GILLON THAT HE HAS NO IMAGINATION

SO MUCH PRACTICE, SAYS GANT

SO MUCH PRACTICE AND YOU NEVER DO MORE THAN STAB HER

GANT GIGGLES

GLORIA FENTON STILL WANTS TO KNOW WHY SHE AND HER UNBORN BABY DIED

ELEKTRA CAN'T REMEMBER

ARCHBISHOP FRESINA RECITES THE LORD'S PRAYER AND FORGIVES ELEKTRA FOR BREAKING HIS NECK AND PULLS OUT THREE OF HER FINGERS WITH A PAIR OF PLIERS

OLD OTTO EISENBLUTH OPENS THE SMALL SILVER BOX THAT HOLDS HIS SURGICAL TOOLS

DUM

DUM

DUM

DOM

SOMETHING ROTS.
RODENTS SCAMPER
THE MEN--
THEY'RE NINJA.

THEY NEVER STOPPED
HUNTING HER AFTER
SHE QUIT THEIR
ORDER...

SOMETHING'S WRONG.
THEY SENSE A THREAT.

THIS RITUAL-- IT'S ANCIENT
THE HONORED MEMBER WILL
BE BROUGHT TO THE EDGE
OF DEATH...

...THERE, HE WILL BE
TOUCHED BY SPIRITUAL
FORCES... DYING, HE WILL
GIVE THE THREAT A NAME...

ELEKTRA

JUST A **DREAM!**
JUST A DREAM

I WILL NOT GO BACK TO SLEEP.

I READ SOMEWHERE... ON AN
AIRPLANE, I THINK... I READ
THAT SCIENTISTS STILL
HAVEN'T FOUND A PHYSIOLO-
GICAL REASON WHY WE
SHOULD NEED TO SLEEP.

SO I'LL STAY AWAKE.
FROM NOW ON.
I WILL.

HERE I AM,
AWAKE

DUM DUM

THIS ISN'T WORKING.

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WAY TO DISTRACT MYSELF.. STAY AWAKE...

HAVEN'T PLAYED PIANO FOR A WHILE...

THREE BARS INTO SET EM UP, JOE THE SOUND OF MY OWN VOICE GETS EMBARRASSING. AND MY FINGERS DON'T HAVE IT FOR ANYTHING TRICKY TONIGHT. I FINALLY SETTLE FOR A TUNE THAT'S MORE MY SPEED.

CHOPSTICKS.

FOR SOME DUMB REASON I FEEL A LITTLE LIKE A TEN YEAR OLD WHO'S PRACTICING HIS LESSONS AND AFRAID OF HIS TYRANT OLD LADY TEACHER AND IT'S FUNNY.

THEN SOMETHING INSIDE THE PIANO GIVES UP AND THE F SHARP KEY GOES FLAT.

TINK TINK TINK
TINK TINK TINK
TINK TINK TINK
TINK TINK
TINK TINK TINK TINK
TINK TINK TINK
TINK TINK TINK
TINK TINK
TINK TINK TUNK

TUNK TUNK

STUPIDLY, I KEEP HITTING IT, LIKE THAT'LL HELP I KEEP A STEADY BEAT. PERFECTLY STEADY...

TUNK TUNK

DUM DUM

...AND THEY KNOW THE DANGER, YES. BUT THEY LACK A STRATEGY...

THE HONORED ONE IS DEAD. HIS LIPS ARE SEALED. THEY MUST CUT THE TRUTH FROM HIM

THE TRUTH THAT LIES IN HIS GUTS

HERE. HERE. THE COURSE IS CLEARLY MARKED. TO FIND HER, FIND HER SLAVER. TO KILL HER...

...TO KILL HER, FIND THE ONE WHO *HAS*, AND MAKE HIM *MIGHTY*

STOP IT IT'S ***CRAZY*** WHAT'S GOTTEN ***INTO*** ME--

AM I REALLY LOSING MY MIND? OR... IS ALL THIS SOMEHOW *REAL*? MESSAGES OF SOME SORT...

SAY IT, MURDOCK. JUST ONCE. JUST TO YOURSELF. SAY YOU'RE READY TO BELIEVE THAT ELEKTRA IS ALIVE, AND BACK, AND YOURS AGA.N.

SAY IT. THINK IT. AND REMEMBER HOW SHE DIED. RIGHT ON YOUR DOORSTEP. RIGHT IN YOUR ARMS.

COUGHING BLOOD, HER THROAT SLASHED, HER HEART PUNCTURED, TWITCHING, GASPING, CHOKING, GIVING OUT A FINAL RATTLE AND DYING.

THEN CUT OPEN BY A CORONER, HER INSIDES TOSSED OUT WITH THE GARBAGE. THEN BURIED, EXHUMED, AND IMMOLATED.

THERE. YOU'VE SAID IT. YOU'VE RUN IT BY, START TO FINISH. YOU'VE GOTTEN AS CRAZY AS YOU'RE GOING TO GET

NOW GO BACK TO YOUR BEDROOM AND TURN OFF YOUR ALARM CLOCK AND PUT ON YOUR CLOTHES AND REJOIN THE LIVING.

AND PUT THIS MADNESS BEHIND YOU.

SAT
APR 6

ZZZ
HOTTT

IDZ
HOTTT

IT'S
HOT

IT *RUSHES*
FROM HER
HEART

IT
SEEPS
THROUGH
CRACKS
IN FROST-
BITTEN SKIN

AT HER
ANKLES
AT HER
WRISTS

IT'S *HOT*
HER
BLOOD
IS
HOT
SHE'S
ALIVE
SHE'S
MINE

MFFGGN
DAMN

CRAZY
DAMN

CRAZY

KAREN? IT'S MATT. HI.

YES, MATT MURDOCK...

...BEEN A WHILE... DID I CALL AT A BAD TIME? SOUNDS LIKE A PARTY...

IT'S ABOUT TWO IN THE MORNING HERE, ACTUALLY. JUST COULDN'T SLEEP AND I THOUGHT I'D...

...NO, NO, EVERYTHING'S FINE...

SO HOW'S LOS ANGELES! ...EDUCATIONAL FILMS? THAT'S GREAT, KAREN...

GUESS YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME ON YOUR HANDS...

WELL, I WAS JUST THINKING--REMEMBER THAT LOOSE IN VERMONT? THOUGHT YOU MIGHT BE UP FOR A WEEKEND IN THE COUNTRY...

...I COULD SEND YOU A TICKET...

...SURE YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, KAREN? YOU SOUND FUNNY...

NO, I DIDN'T MEAN ANYTH...

NO, I...

SURE, I... NO, REALLY, I UNDERSTAND...

YOU'VE STILL GOT MY NUMBER?...

FAPP

SOMEBODY STAPLED MY *MUSCLES* TOGETHER AND SHOVED TWO RUSTY *KNITTING NEEDLES* BETWEEN MY *SHOULDER BLADES.*

THE *NEEDLES* SLIDE OUT GENTLY ENOUGH AS ONE BY ONE THE STAPLES *POP.*

FOR AWHILE THERE'S JUST THE SLAP OF *LEATHER* ON *CANVAS* AND A *JOLT* THAT BOUNCES FROM MY *HIP* TO THE *BAG* AND *BACK* AGAIN...

FAPP

FAPP

FAPP

FAPP

FAPP

DAMN HER ANYWAY...

CEMETERY

APR 7

I BRING ORCHIDS

SHE LIKED ORCHIDS

FIRST FLOWER I GAVE HER WAS A ROSE

DIDN'T FIND OUT FOR WEEKS THAT SHE HATED ROSES

KATHERINE
AUSTIN
I BRING ORCHIDS
SHE HATES ROSES

WHEN I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD, I SAW GUIDO CONTAVESPI PUSHED THROUGH THE PASCAL BAKERY SHOP WINDOW BY HIS BEST DRINKING BUDDY, JOHNNY FALCONE.

GUIDO LANDED ON HIS BACK, AND TURNED OVER, A SPLINTER OF GLASS SIX INCHES LONG STUCK IN HIS CHEST. JOHNNY PULLED IT OUT, WHICH WAS THE WORST THING HE COULD HAVE DONE.

THE SPLINTER HAD PUNCTURED GUIDO'S LUNG, WHICH KEPT WORKING LIKE SOME STUPID MACHINE, BUBBLING BLOOD AND SUCKING AIR IN DIRECTLY THROUGH GUIDO'S CHEST.

THEN OLD MAN PASCAL CAME FROM THE BACK ROOM, CURSING, POWDERED PALE WITH FLOUR. HE TORE A RECTANGLE OF WAXED PAPER FROM A SPOOL AND HELD IT TO GUIDO'S CHEST. IT SLOWED DOWN THE SUCKING...

WHEN MRS. ALICE COURTNEY FINISHED TELLING ME HER STORY, I COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK OF GUIDO.

...THE JUDGE GAVE RALPH THE CHILDREN, MR. MURDOCK. I SUPPOSE THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO ABOUT THAT.

MON APR 8

BUT I THINK I DESERVE... I NEED *SOMETHING* TO LIVE ON...

I'M *SORRY*, MR. MURDOCK I...

I'M SURE EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL...

...PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO HOME...

I'D... RATHER HAVE A DRINK.

THERE WASN'T ANY IN THE OFFICE, SO I TOOK HER TO A QUIET RESTAURANT. THE DRINK TURNED INTO DINNER.

DINNER, INTO A WALK...

IT WAS A SAD THING. NOT LIKE LOVE AT ALL.

MORE LIKE WAXED PAPER.

I CAN SMELL HER

ELEKTRA

HER *SWEAT*

IT GATHERED IN A *PUDDLE* AT HER NAVEL

IT WAS SALTY ON MY TONGUE

IT'S COLD
THE STONE IS COLD
I'M AT HER GRAVE
I'M NOT ALONE
NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT
IT'S JUST A DREAM

DON'T BE AN *ASS*, MURDOCK--

--YOU'RE GOING TO *DIE*--

--IF YOU WANT IT *QUICK*--

--IF YOU WANT A *PRETTY CORPSE*--

--TELL US--

--WHERE *IS* SHE?

KREKK

HURRG

HSSG

SLOW DEATH...

UGLY CORPSE...

NFF

CHAIN BITES MY THROAT--

--SOMETHING WARM JUST BELOW--

--UNDER THE SNOW--

HRNH?

GNAAA

HKK

SOMETHING WARM.

SOMETHING ALIVE.

THUNKK

GRAA

CHAK

CHAK

HGAA

HNGG

HNGGHH

CHAK

HNGRAA

HK

HK

AARGHH

GREEN

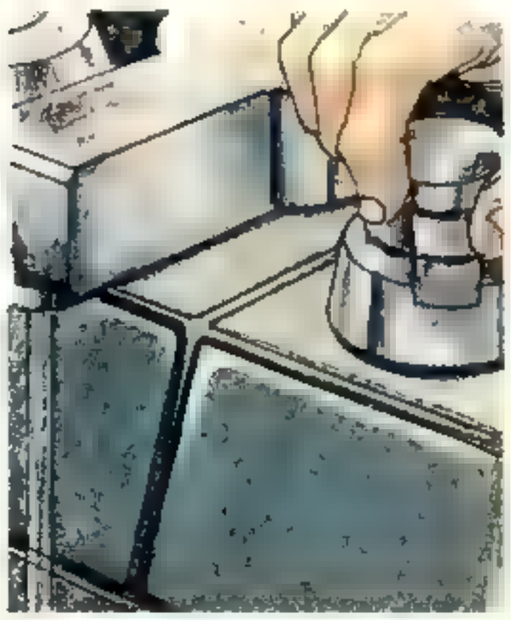
HHHHH

PFOK

SMITH
PULL IT OUT
BEFORE
THROWING STAR
POISONED
COLD

TVE APR 9

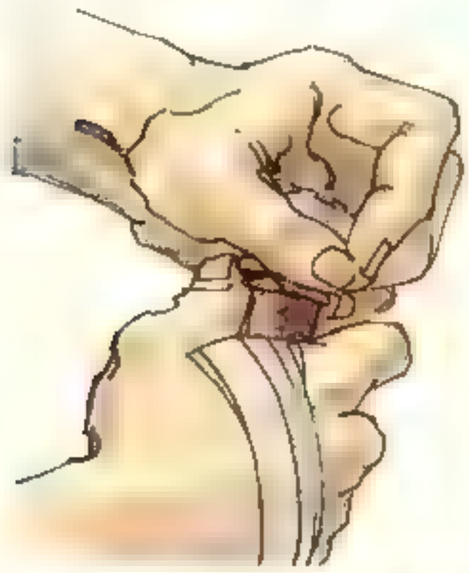
I DON'T USE DRUGS. THEY WORK TOO WELL ON ME.



PARTLY, IT'S BECAUSE I HAVE AN UNUSUALLY SENSITIVE NERVOUS SYSTEM. BUT MOSTLY, IT S BECAUSE I'M BLIND

I LIVE IN A WORLD OF WHISPERS AND SHOUTS, OF SOFTS AND HARDS. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL WORLD, IN ITS WAY...

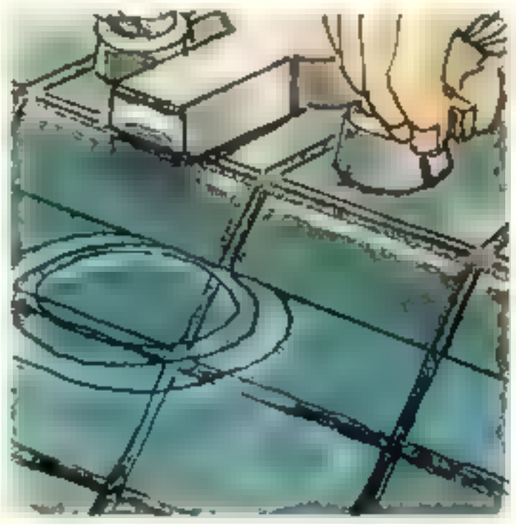
...BUT A TOUGH ONE TO HOLD TOGETHER. SO I KEEP MY WITS ABOUT ME.

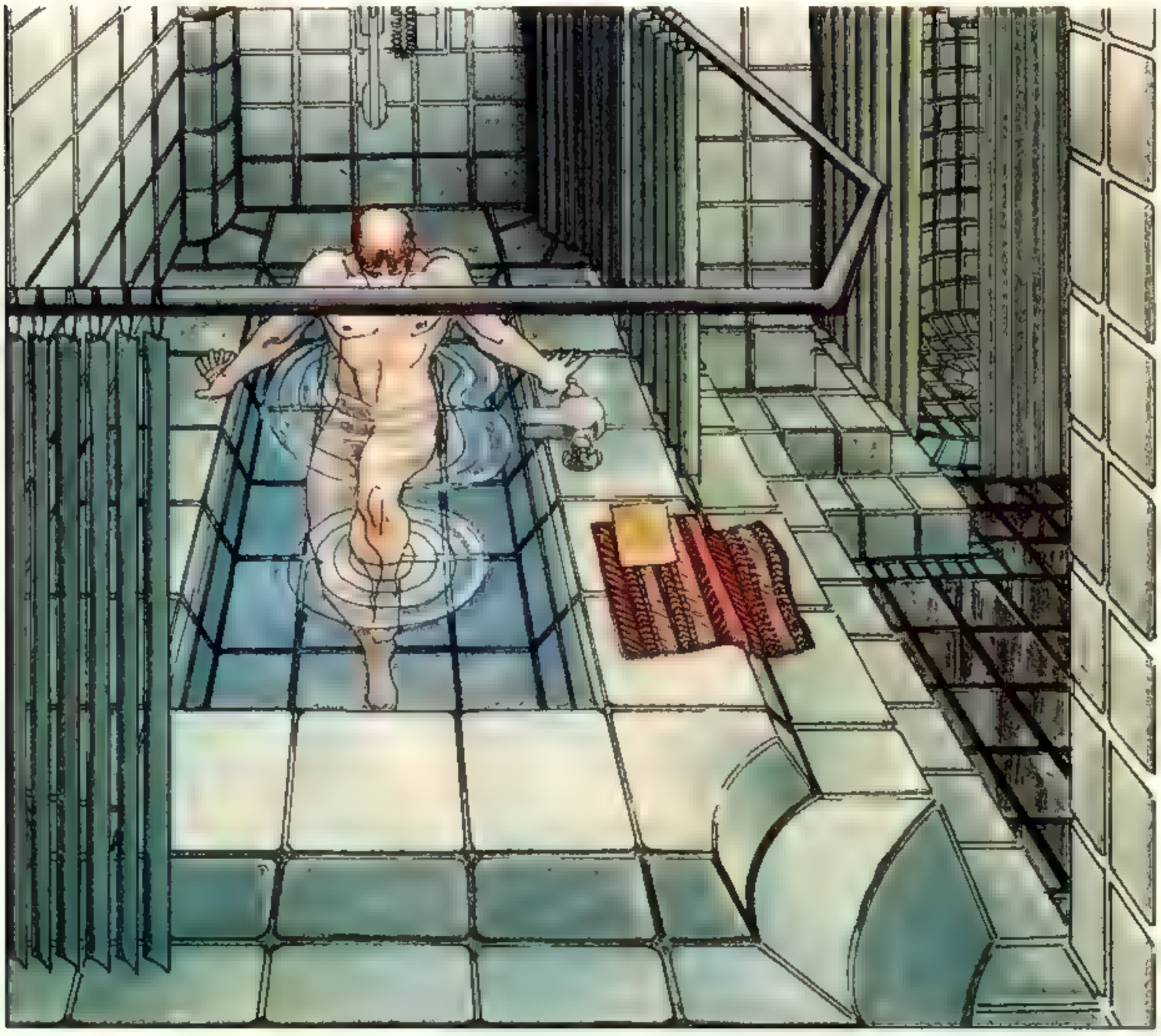


AND I STAY CLEAN.

AN OVERWROUGHT HOUSE-GUEST LEFT BEHIND A BOTTLE OF VALIUM THE LAST TIME SHE STAYED HERE. I TAKE ONE.

I MADE THE CONTRACTOR MISERABLE WHEN I HAD THIS PLACE RENOVATED. I HAD VERY SPECIFIC NOTIONS ABOUT WHAT I WANTED FROM MY HOME.





FIRST AMONG THESE NOTIONS WAS A BIG BATHTUB AND A GOOD WATER HEATER. SO THE WATER IS GOOD AND HOT AS I SETTLE IN, FEELING THE VALIUM HIT ME AND NOT REGRETTING IT

MY BODY STOPS SHAKING I DECIDE IT'S SAFE TO THINK

...TO **SLEEP**. IT'S ALL I WANT. I WON'T DREAM THIS TIME. NOT WITH THAT VALIUM IN ME...

KEEGA... KONGA ... KIRIGI... ***KIRIGI***. WEIRD ONE. NOTHING COULD KILL HIM.

ANYWAY, THEY BROUGHT KIRIGI BACK. MEANER THAN EVER. MEANER... MIGHTIER.

OKAY. TAKE A DEEP BREATH. NOW-- IF ALL THIS IS REAL, THEN WHAT?

...IF I'M TO KEEP THE HAND FROM MURDERING ELEKTRA. RIGHT.

THAT IS, NOTHING COULD KILL HIM FOR GOOD. THEY RESURRECTED HIM, JUST LIKE THEY TRIED TO DO WITH ELEKTRA.

"TO KILL HER, FIND THE ONE WHO HAS, AND MAKE HIM ***MIGHTY***". THAT'S WHAT THE MAN IN MY DREAM SAID

THEN ELEKTRA IS ALIVE AND THE HAND IS AFTER HER.

ELEKTRA QUIT THE HAND, FOR WHICH THEY WON'T FORGIVE HER EVENTUALLY, THEY SOUGHT HER OUT.

BUT THEY FAILED WITH HER, THANKS TO ME.

SO HOW'S SHE BACK NOW?

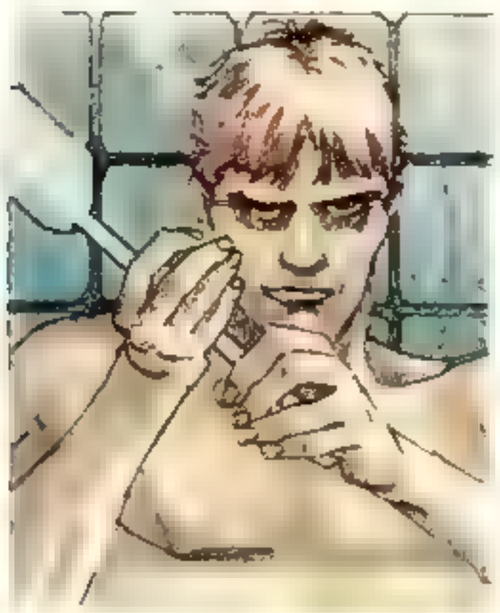
THEY CAN'T BRING KIRIGI BACK AGAIN HIS BODY WAS DESTROYED. I WAS THERE.

AND ALL THE THINGS THAT I'VE HEARD AND DREAMT AND SEEN ARE CLUES--CLUES I HAVE TO UNDERSTAND IF I'M TO... IF I'M TO WHAT?

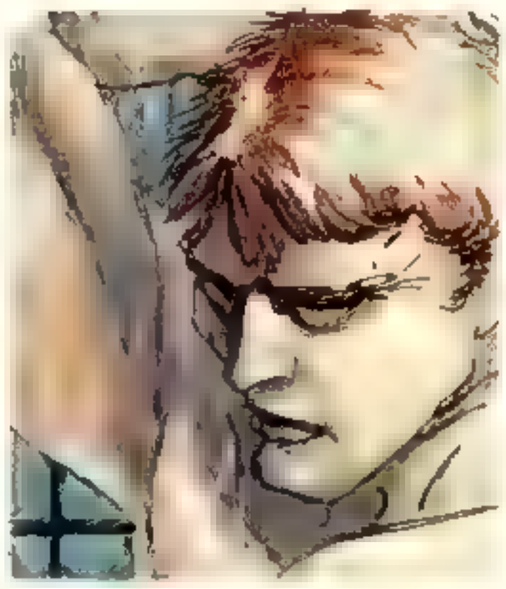
SHE KILLED THEIR MIGHTIEST WARRIOR-- WHAT WAS HIS NAME?...

BUT... I WASN'T THERE WHEN ELEKTRA'S BODY WAS...

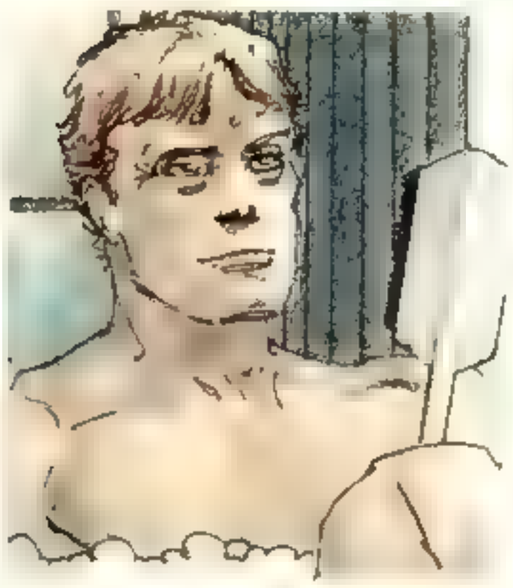
WAIT A MINUTE "FIND THE ONE WHO HAS"...



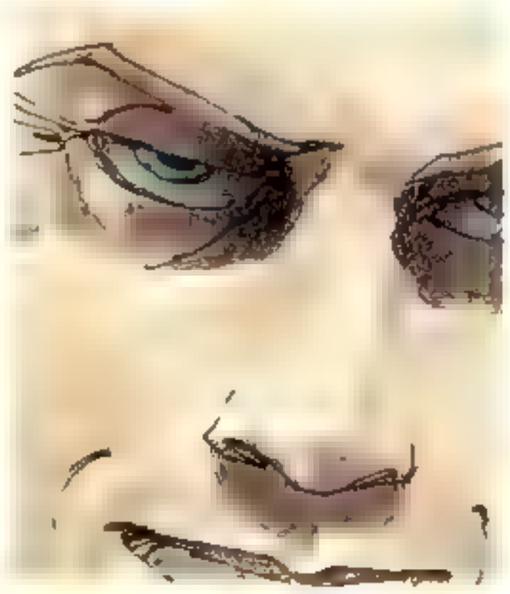
HAS KILLED HER.
BULLSEYE.
BULLSEYE KILLED HER



SO THE HAND IS GOING TO KILL BULLSEYE. WOULDN'T THAT BE AWFUL.

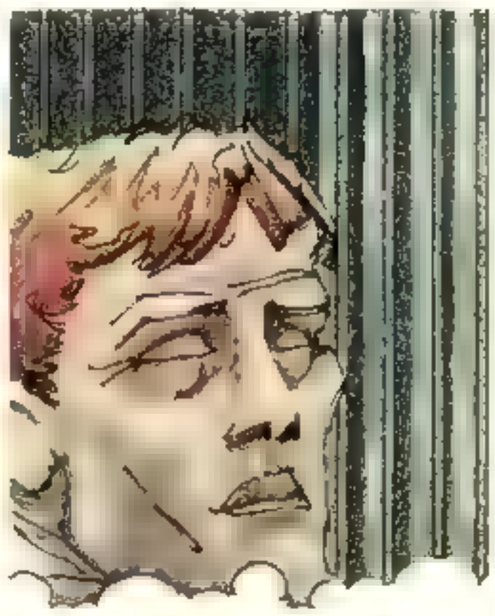


BREAKS MY HEART JUST TO THINK OF IT.



MAKES SENSE IN A WAY, A RAT LIKE HIM...

AW, GO TO SLEEP...



...KILLED, JUST TO GIVE THE HAND A HAND.

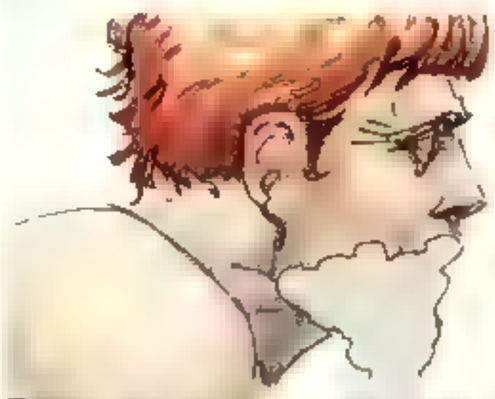
HAND A HAND. THAT'S FUNNY. GO TO SLEEP

A HAND AGAINST

C'MON

AGAINST ELEKTRA

I'LL CALL THE PRISON. THEN--



RINGGRINGG

IT'S FOGGY. HE HAS NEWS.

WED APR 10

HIS TRUE NAME AND PERSONAL HISTORY REMAIN UNKNOWN. HE CONFESSED TO THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY COUNTS OF COLD BLOODED MURDER. HE WAS *BULLSEYE*, HE IS DEAD.

PRISON OFFICIALS HAVE RELEASED THE FOLLOWING VIDEOTAPE OF HIS MURDER. AT TEN THIRTY-ONE A.M., BULLSEYE CONFERRED WITH THERAPIST *BETSY BEATTY*...

...ON THE FIRST DRAFT OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY. A MAJOR PUBLISHER IS RUMORED TO HAVE ADVANCED THE ASSASSIN *FIVE MILLION DOLLARS* FOR THE BOOK RIGHTS ALONE.

BULLSEYE IS HANDCUFFED TO A TABLE, WHICH IS IN TURN BOLTED TO THE FLOOR. HE DRINKS ORANGE JUICE THROUGH A STRAW.

TEN THIRTY-FIVE: BULLSEYE SPITS AN ORANGE SEED ACROSS THE TABLE, KILLING A COCKROACH. IT IS TO BE HIS LAST MALICIOUS ACT.

TEN THIRTY-SEVEN: A REPRESENTATIVE FROM *NIHON FILMS* ARRIVES, SEVERAL MINUTES EARLY. INTRODUCTIONS ARE MADE. THE GUARD IS DISMISSED.

TEN FORTY: THE REPRESENTATIVE SMILES AT BULLSEYE. "YOU'RE NO WRITER," HE SAYS. "NO," SAYS BULLSEYE, "I'M A KILLER."

THE REPRESENTATIVE SMILES. TEN SECONDS PASS. SUDDENLY AGITATED, BULLSEYE DEMANDS TO BE TAKEN AWAY. THE THERAPIST CALLS THE GUARD.

THE REPRESENTATIVE PUNCHES BEATTY IN THE FACE. BEATTY FALLS TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS. BULLSEYE BEGINS SUCKING ORANGE JUICE, DESPERATELY.

TEN FORTY-ONE: THE REPRESENTATIVE DRAWS A BALLPOINT PEN FROM HIS JACKET POCKET AND CROSSES THE ROOM TO STAND BEHIND BULLSEYE.

BULLSEYE STOPS SUCKING ORANGE JUICE AS THE REPRESENTATIVE THRUSTS THE PEN INTO THE BACK OF BULLSEYE'S HEAD.

TEN FORTY-TWO: "NO MORE SEEDS," SAYS BULLSEYE, AND DIES.

TWO YEARS AGO, BULLSEYE HELD THE CREW OF A TELEVISION STUDIO *HOSTAGE*. THIS VIDEO TAPE IS THE ONLY RECORD OF HIS FIGHTING SKILL--

--AND OF HIS BLOOD FEUD WITH THE MASKED CRIMEFIGHTER, *DAREDEVIL*.

WHILE NOTHING IS KNOWN OF DAREDEVIL'S METHODS, HIS EVERY ENCOUNTER WITH BULLSEYE LEFT BOTH BLOODY, AND BATTERED.

WITNESSES SAY THAT THE TWO SHARED A TERRIFYING PERSONAL HATRED...

MATT... UH, MAYBE WE SHOULD GO...

MY FINGERS KNOW HIS FACE

I WASN'T THERE

WHEN THE POINT SLID BETWEEN HER RIBS

WHEN HE TURNED IT FINDING HER HEART

THIS JUST IN-- FAMED ATTORNEY *MATT MURDOCK* HAS ARRIVED AT THE PRISON TO CONFER WITH THE ASSASSIN.

TOOK US OFF GUARD WITH *THIS* ONE, MATT. YOU WERE THREATENED BY BULLSEYE *YOURSELF* ONCE. SEEN THE *BODY* YET? OOPS... I MEAN...

I'LL NEVER KNOW WHERE SHE FOUND THE STRENGTH TO WALK TO MY HOUSE

MATT--

MY FINGERS KNOW HIS FACE

MATT... I REALLY THINK WE SHOULD GO NOW...

CHINK

CHK CHNG

CHKK

ELEKTRA IS ALIVE.
BULLSEYE MUST COME BACK TO LIFE TO KILL HER. HE WILL BE MIGHTY.
ASK MURDOCK. HE KNOWS. HE WANTS TO STOP US.
FEW CANS SHORT...
FEW SIX PACKS SHORT...
HEY--
MAYBE HE'S NOT HUNGRY...
ELEKTRA IS HERE--IN THIS PRISON--RUSHING TO HER SECOND DEATH.
MURDOCK IS BLIND BUT HE SEES HER.
DON'T YOU, MURDOCK?
YES.
SORRY ABOUT THAT ALARM, INSPECTOR.
GOD KNOWS WHAT SET IT OFF... THE CORPSE IS DOWN-STAIRS...
...I'M AFRAID THE ELEVATORS AREN'T WORKING...
...BUDGET CUTS...

...SNOWBALL'S CHANCE IN *HELL*... CAN'T *BELIEVE* I LET YOU TALK ME *INTO* THIS...

...ACTING CRAZY BUT HE'S NOT FOOLING *ANYBODY*...

MATT?

MURDOCK *LOVES* ELEKTRA BUT HE CANNOT *SAVE* HER. *NOTHING* CAN SAVE HER.

SHUT UP.

KAFF

DAMN...

JUST ONE MORE FLIGHT, LIEUTENANT.

YOU EAT TODAY, MATT? YOU'RE WHITE AS--

I'M FINE.

SONVBITCH *ELEVATOR*...

HAVE A *HEART ATTACK* SWEAR I'LL *SUE*...

...A *SHOE-STRING* BUT WE DO WHAT WE *CAN*...

--SAID I'M A GOD DAMNED AGENT OF--

WATCH YOUR *LANGUAGE*, MISTER

LATE

NO *MANNERS* WORLD *COMING* TO

LOST

...SUE I SWEAR...

GOING SOMEWHERE, MATT?

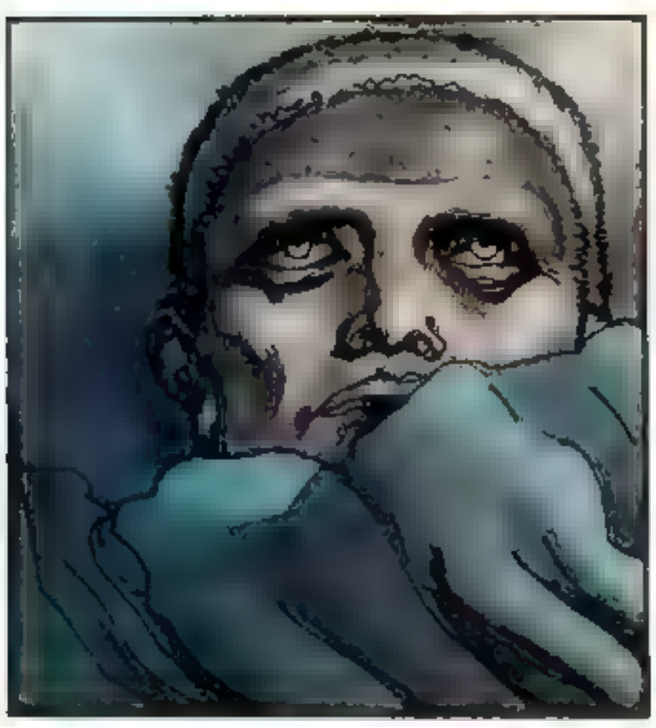
JUST A LITTLE WINDED.

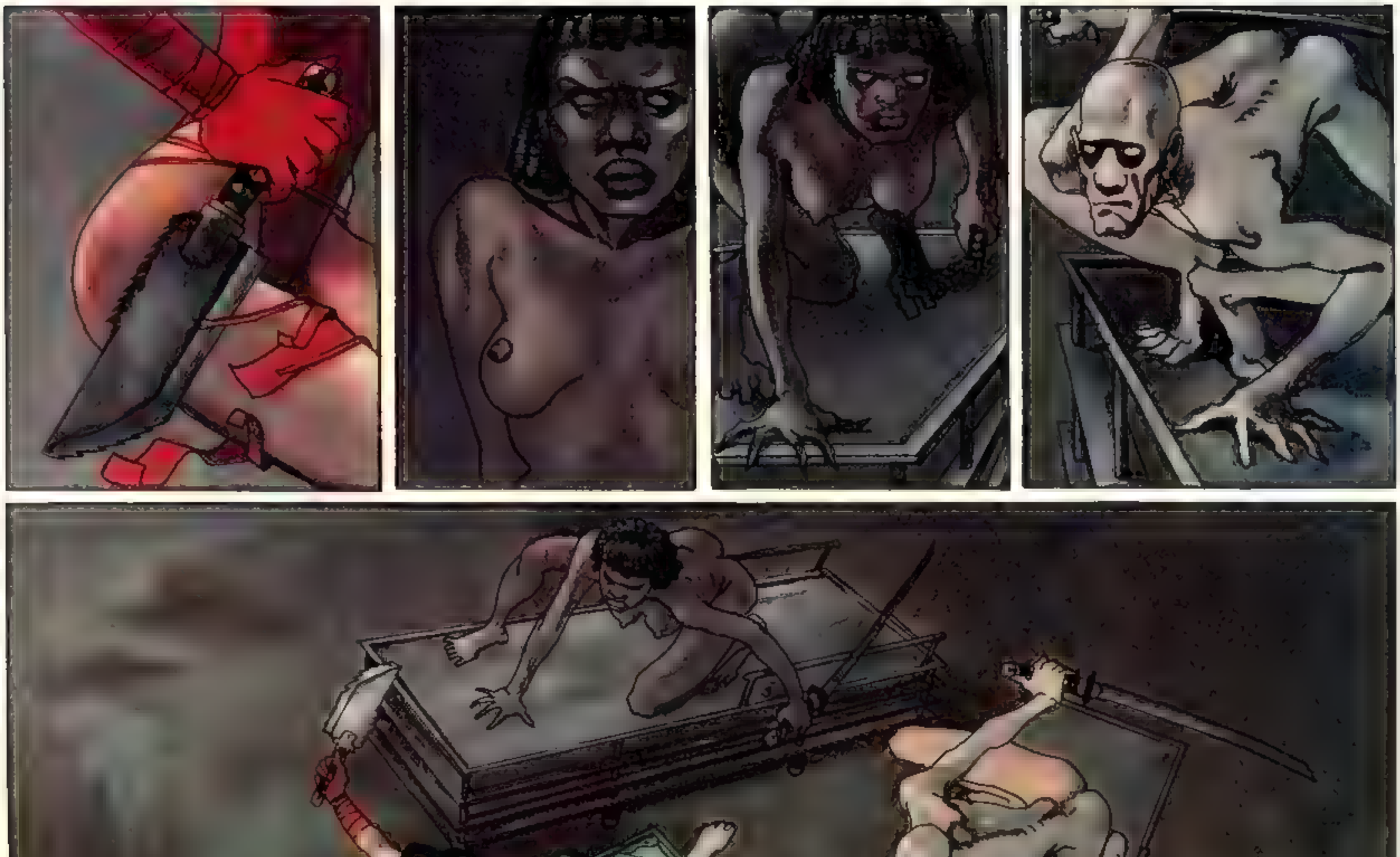
TELL ME ABOUT IT.

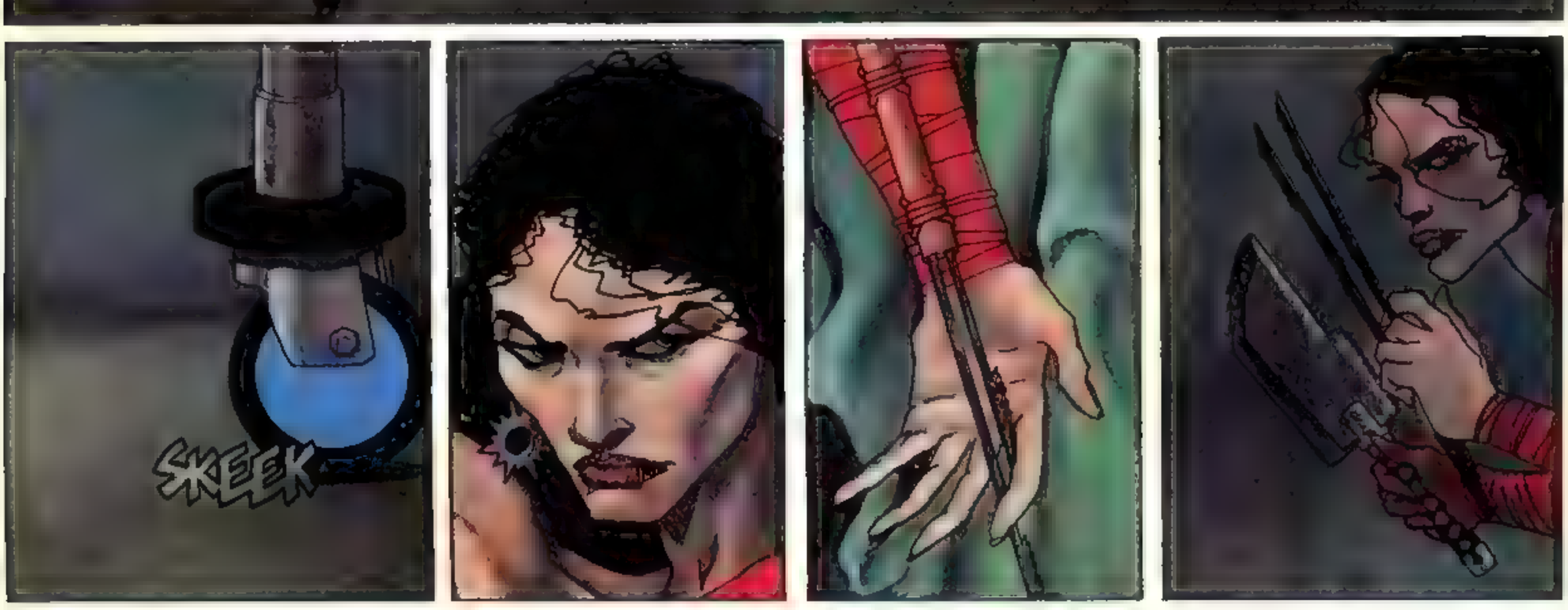
CHAKK

HGGN

KEFF






SKEEK

HURG

SHAKK

THUNK THUNK

GNAA

GOOD CALL, MATT.

THOUGHT I'D BLOW BLAD FOR SURE...

WHY YOU SPOSE SMILEY WANTS TO SEE YOU SOLO?

MURDOCK IS OUR ENEMY.

MURDOCK MUST DIE.

SPEAK OF THE DEVIL...

I WILL KILL MURDOCK WITHOUT TOUCHING HIM.

WITH MY MIND.

YOU WILL NOT ESCAPE, MURDOCK.

AND NEITHER WILL ELEKTRA.

CHIK

SHUKK

GRAA

THUNK
THUNK

THUNK
THUNK

SHKK

GLAA

HGAA

BREKK

TAKE OFF YOUR GLASSES.

NO...

SO LITTLE WE KNOW ABOUT YOU. A CURIOUS FOE. WERE THERE TIME I WOULD PULL YOUR SECRETS FROM YOU.

SIT DOWN.

NO...

YOU HAVE A HEADACHE.

NN...

A VERY BAD HEADACHE.

...NNNNO...

EVERYTHING OKAY IN THERE, PAL?

TALK TO ME, MATT...

HKKK

YOU--YOU TRAINED WITH--

--YOU--

HHHHHH

--DOING SOMETHING TO MATT-- GET THAT DOOR OPEN--

AAAAAA

YOU PROMISED

YOU WOULD ALWAYS LOVE ME

SWORE

YOU WOULD NEVER LEAVE ME

DIDN'T I LOVE YOU

ENOUGH

DIDN'T I TRY

DIDN'T I

RAVING--

DIDN'T I FIGHT FOR YOU

FOR YOUR SOUL

THEY DUG YOU UP

TO MAKE A *MONSTER* OUT OF YOU

DIDN'T I TRY

DIDN'T I HEAR

A SINGLE *HEARTBEAT*

DIDN'T I TRY

I DIDN'T KNOW *HOW*

I DIDN'T KNOW *HOW*

JUST TELL ME WHAT YOU *REMEMBER*, MURDOCK.

DON'T CAN'T SORRY

--OVER A *DOZEN* MUTILATED *CORPSES* IN THE MORGUE-- BULLSEYE'S *BODY* HAS *VANISHED* -- HIS ASSASSIN *DEAD* FROM A *BRAIN HEMHORRAGE*--

...DAMN WEIRD...

...GET SOME *SLEEP*...

...NASTY *SNOWSTORM'S* KICKED UP AGAIN...

SNAKK

DID YOU STOP THEM?

ARE YOU ALIVE?

KRNCHH

IF THEY BRING BULLS-EYE BACK TO LIFE HE'LL BE STRONGER--

--FASTER--

--DEADLIER THAN EVER.

NEARLY IMPOSSIBLE TO KILL.

I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO GO.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

THERE'S GOT TO BE A CLUE.

SOMETHING I'VE MISSED-- SOMEWHERE--

SKIKK

WHAT THE HELL...

NOBODY'S SCREAMING

THE WHOLE CITY'S ON FIRE

AND NOBODY'S SCREAMING

THE WHOLE CITY'S ON FIRE

AND SHE

SHE'S COLD

SHE'S COLD

JUST ANOTHER

ANOTHER GOD DAMNED DREAM

JUST

CHINK

CHINKKK

FAPP

...MY STOMACH QUIVERS, COLD...

...MY BRAIN KICKS LOOSE IN MY SKULL. I WAVE GOOD-BYE TO IT...

...WINDOWS RATTLE...

...WIND'S GETTING NASTY...

...SNOW'S TURNING TO SLEET...

...SANDBLASTING THE CITY...

...DOWN THE STREET A LITTLE GIRL'S VOICE SINGS CHRISTMAS CAROLS TO NOBODY BUT ME...

...SEVEN STORIES ABOVE THE EAST RIVER A HORNY SIAMESE WANTS EVERYBODY TO KNOW...

FAPP

...OVER ON *LEXINGTON* A TRUCK'S *WHEEL* SPLASHES *SNOW* AND ICY *DIRT*...

...A WOMAN CURSES...

FAPP

...SOMEBODY STEPS ON MY ROOF.

SHINGLES GIVE, JUST A TOUCH-- WEIGHS ABOUT ONE SIXTY--

--BREATHING CALMLY--

--HEART STEADY--

--MOVING TO THE SKYLIGHT--

--A WIRE SLIDES FROM AN OILED SHEATH--

--CRAWLS BETWEEN STEEL TUMBLERS, FORCING THEM INTO MOTION--

--THE HINGES COMPLAIN, LIKE ALWAYS--

--THE TOP FLOOR OF MY HOUSE GOES COLD--

FAPP

FAPP

FAPP

NO NOT THE KITCHEN YOU IDIOT--

--THE BASEMENT COME ON--

FAPP

FAPP FAPP FAPP

HE HOLDS HIS BREATH-- STOPS HIS HEART--

THERE'S ONLY THE SLIGHTEST CREAK OF LIVING BONE-- COMPLETELY SILENT TO THE UNTRAINED EAR--

--BUT LOUD TO ME AS CRACKING KINDLING.

I'VE BEEN LUCKY WITH THEM SO FAR. THEY KNOW ALMOST NOTHING ABOUT ME.

THEY ONLY KNOW ABOUT ELEKTRA-- THAT WE WERE IN LOVE.

THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT ME.

A COOL BREEZE CUTS A RECTANGLE IN THE AIR--

--BABY'S CRY OF CATGUT, DRAWN TIGHT--

KTANGG

THPP

HIS HEART BEATS.

I FOLLOW THE PULSE OUT PAST HIS ELBOW--

THUNK

TAK TAK TAK TAK

CHKCHINGG

CHING

ELECTRIC NERVE CENTER--A PINCH TO SHORT CIRCUIT--

CHING

WHUKK

SHNG

CHIKK

KLUGG

IN THE ALLEY-- OUTSIDE--

--A MAN BREATHES DEEP-- HOLDS IT--

SKIK

THUNK

I GET HIS SCENT.

COULDN'T LOSE HIM NOW IF I TRIED.

BY NOW HE KNOWS THE *TRUTH* ABOUT ME AND ELEKTRA. THE *WHOLE* TRUTH.

WE WERE *STUDENTS* OF THE SAME *TEACHER*-- AND WE BOTH *FLUNKED.*

SOMEWHERE A DOZEN *BOWS* ARE DRAWN-- SHE *HISSES*-- AND *JUMPS*--

DUM DUM

DUM

DEARLY BELOVED...

...LET US PRAISE OUR LORD...

...THE JACKAL'S SON...

...THE BEAST.

WE ARE HIS HAND. WE ARE HIS FLESH.

GIVEN LIFE TO END FLESH.

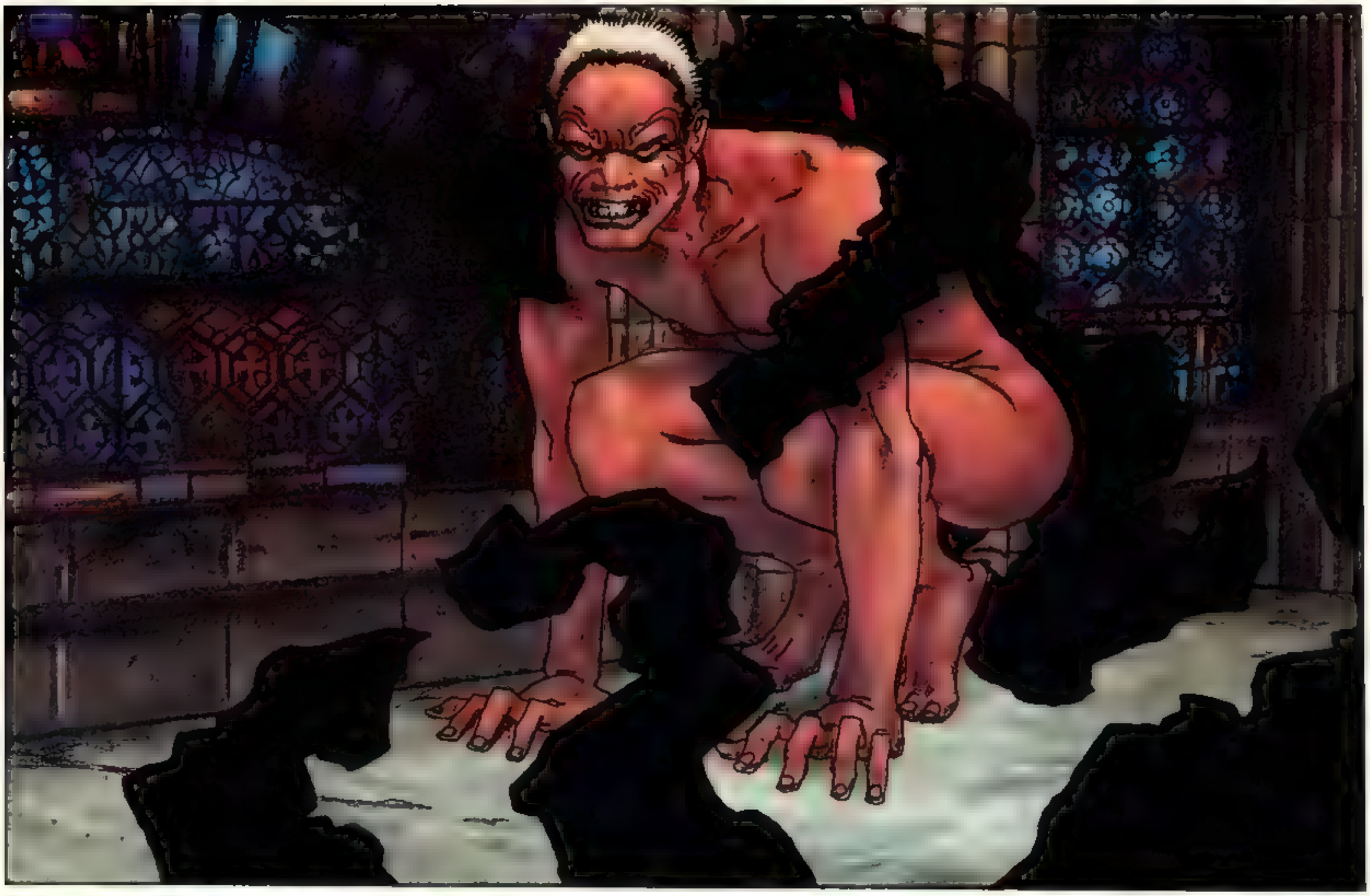
ALL FLESH.

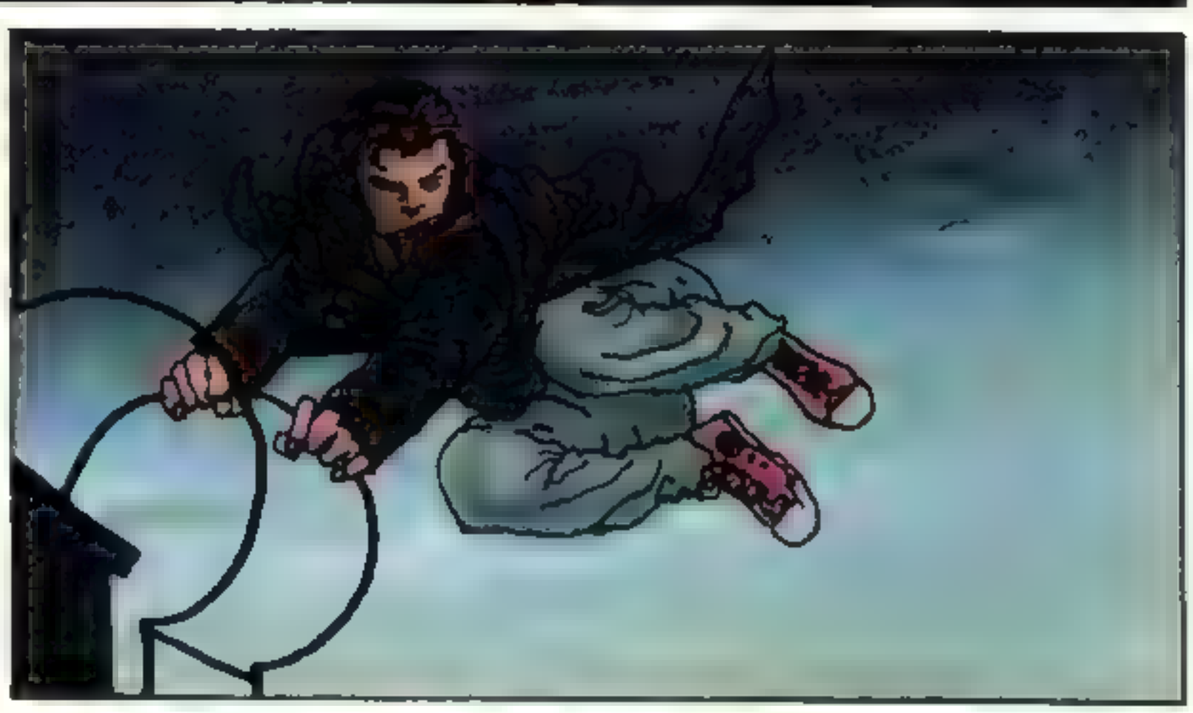
OUR MIGHTY WARRIOR.

TOUCH HIM.

LOVE HIM.

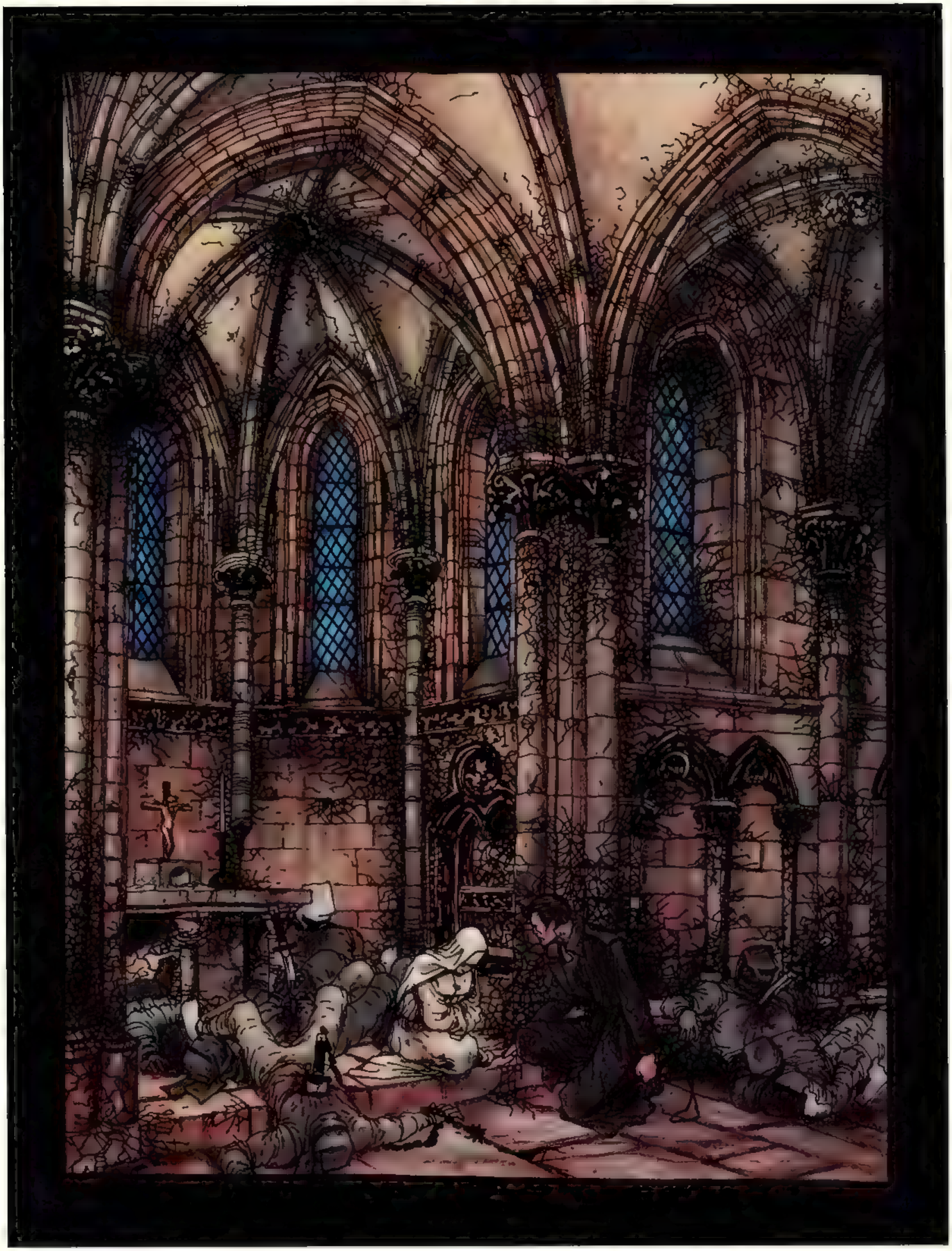
YES...





!

KLUDD



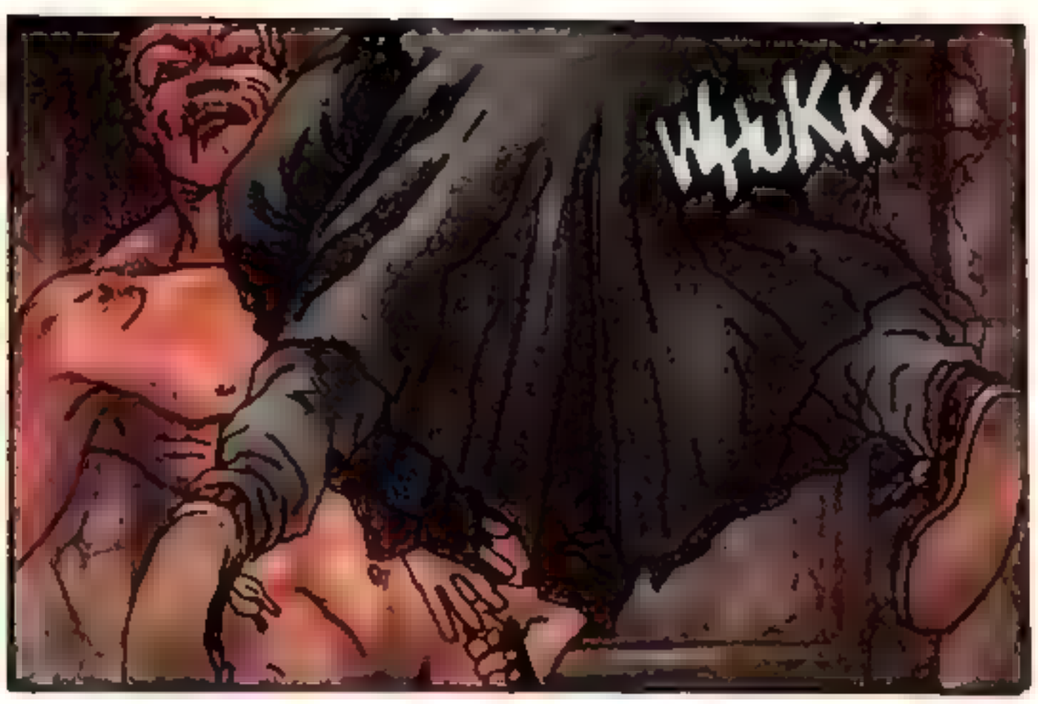
WHUNGGGGG

THUNK

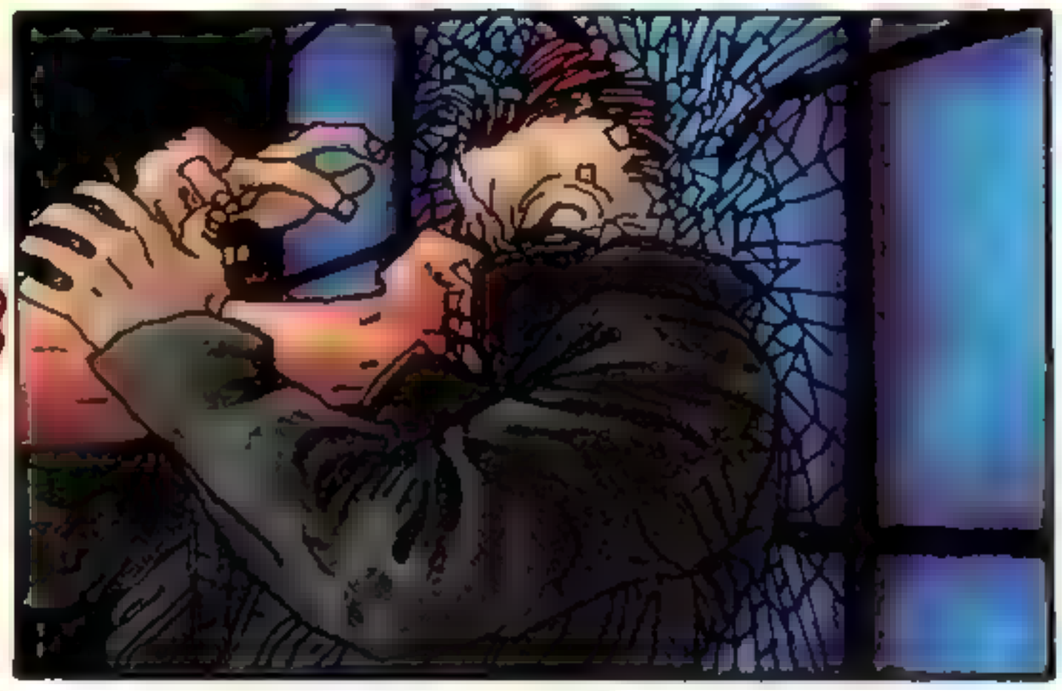
FOKK

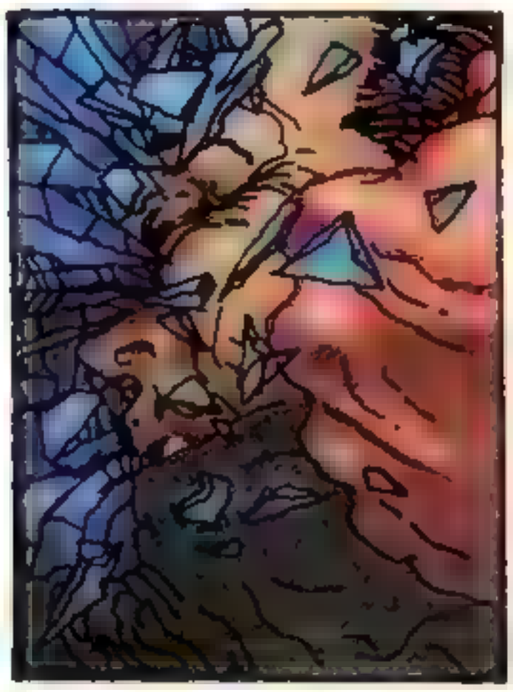
KRAKK

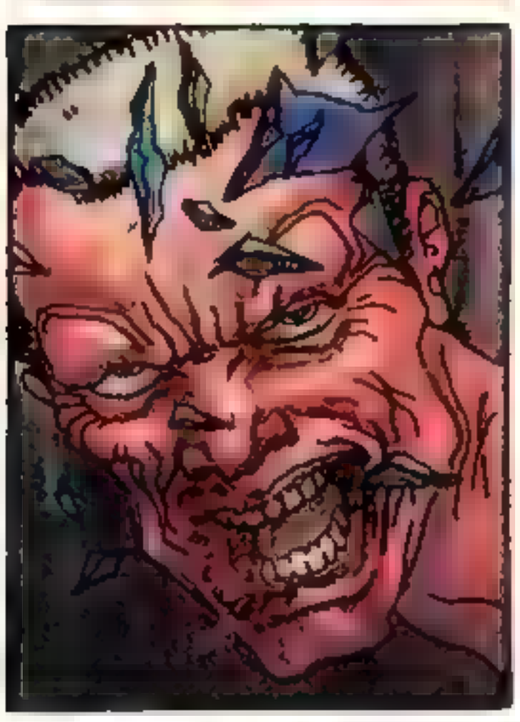
WHUUUNGG

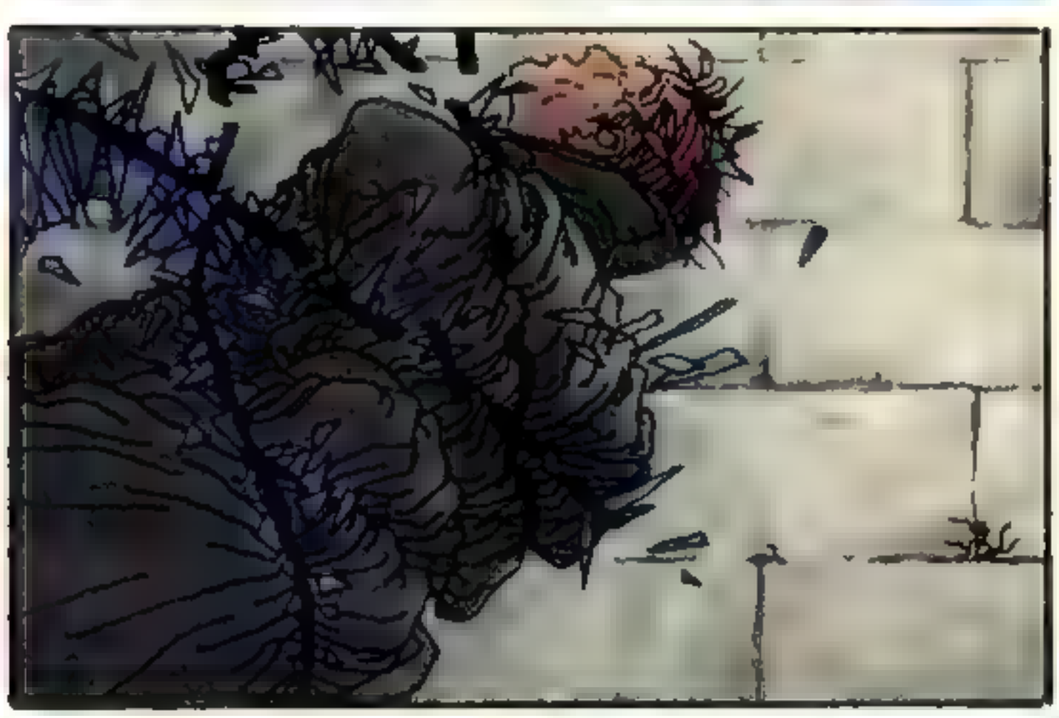

WHUKK

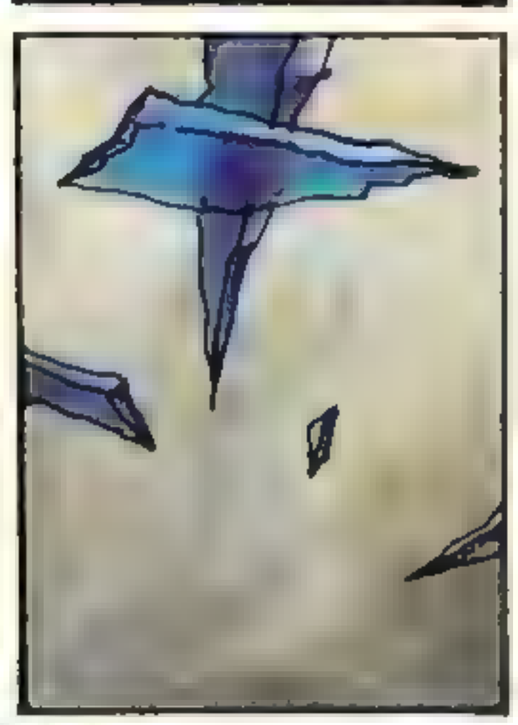
KREKK
GAA

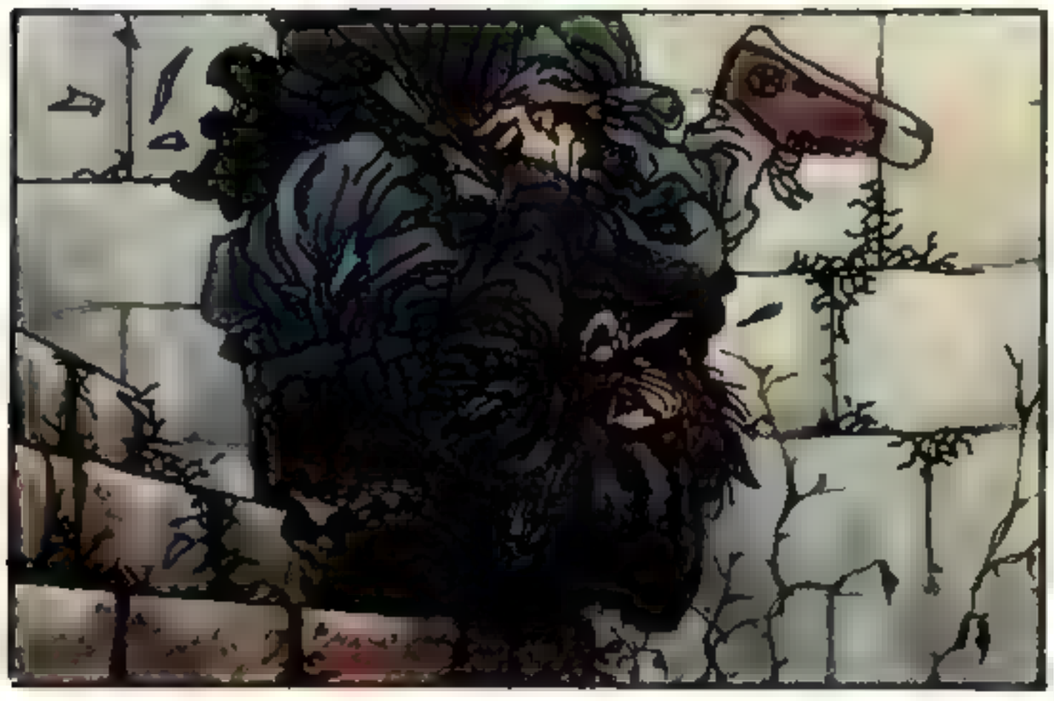


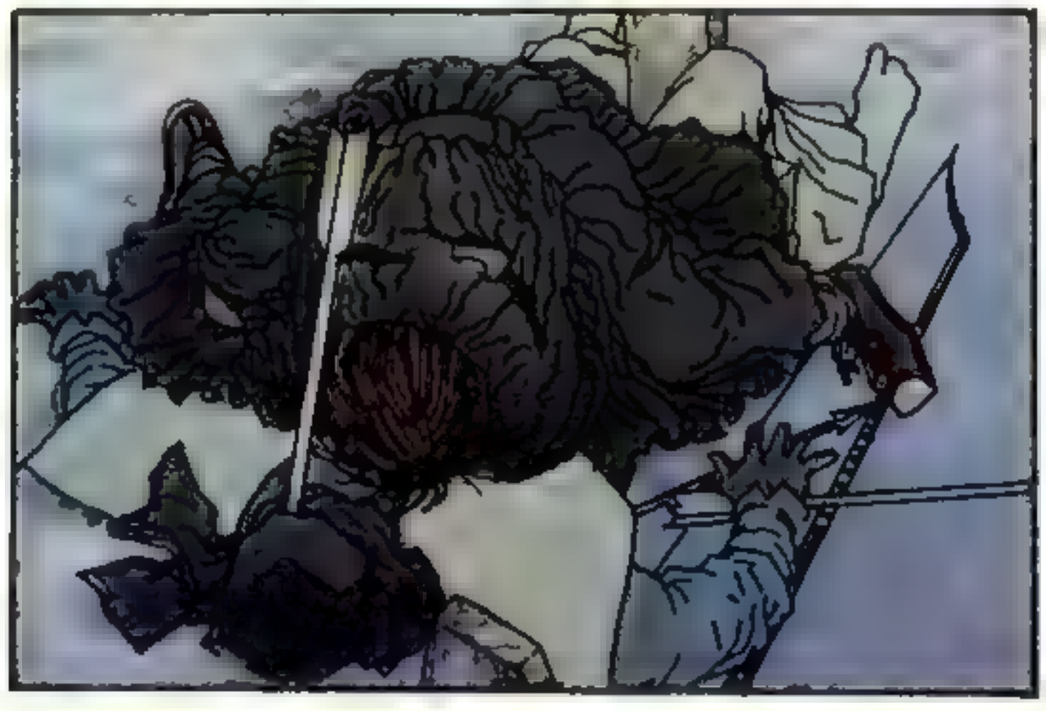


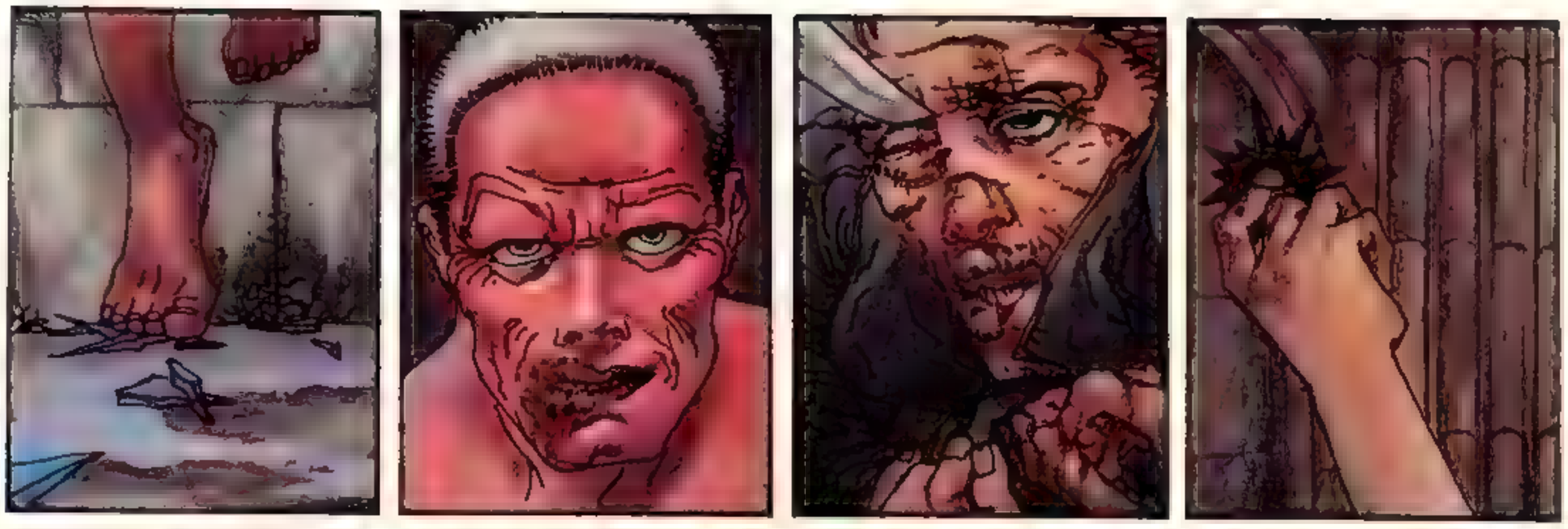


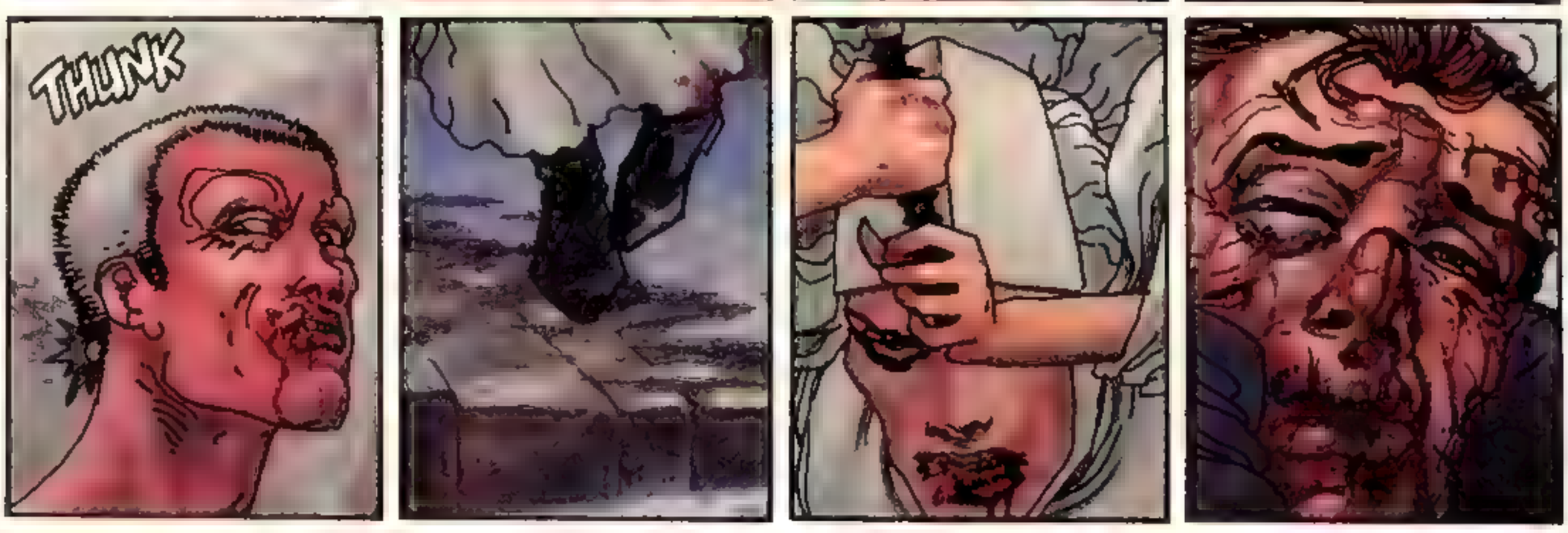








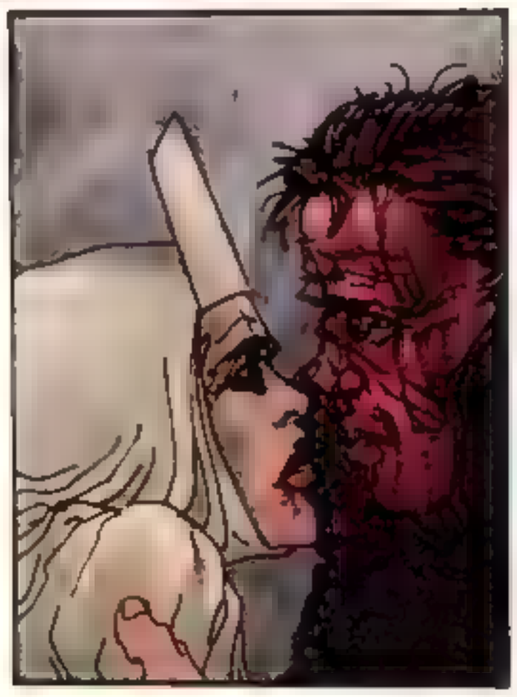


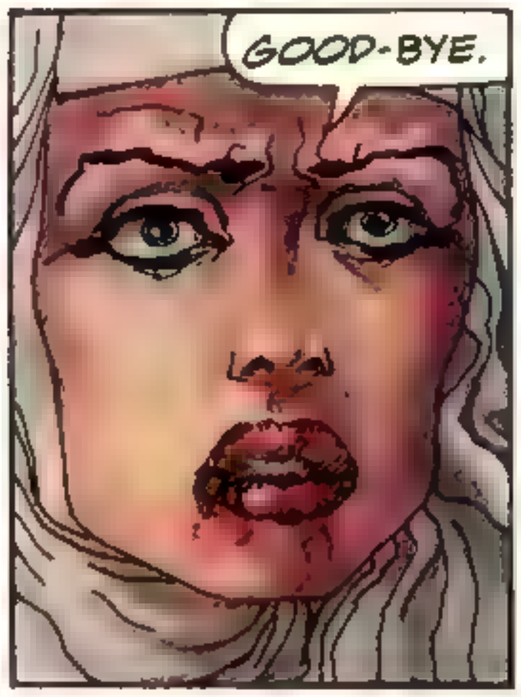

THUNK

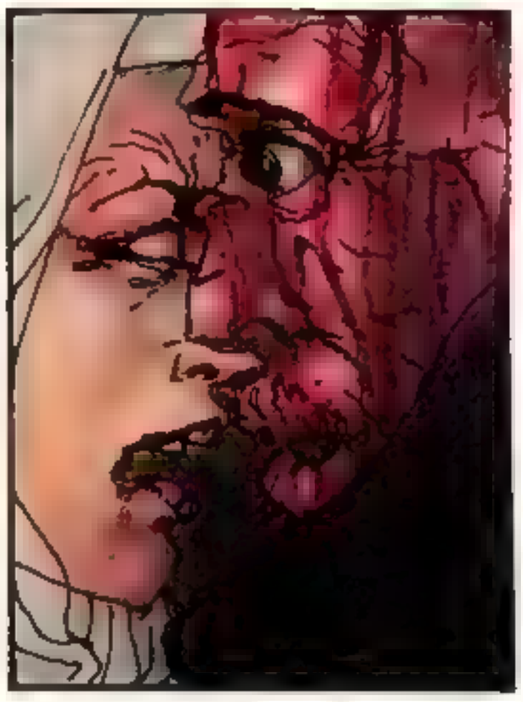
SHAKK
SHAKK
SHAK

THUNK

CHAK




GOOD-BYE.



YOU NEVER HAD A CHANCE.

NOT FROM THE MOMENT YOU WERE BORN.

THE NURSE AT THE EMERGENCY ROOM DOESN'T WANT TO BE BOTHERED.

NOT UNTIL SHE SEES I HAVE MONEY.

SHE MATCHES THE PHOTO ON MY DISABLED CARD WITH WHAT'S LEFT OF MY FACE.

I BLEED ALL OVER MY SIG-NATURE AND THEY TAKE ME IN.

THE PAIN KILLER MAKES ME DIZZY.

I'M LUCKY I HAVE MONEY.

YOU COULD LIVE AGAIN A THOUSAND TIMES AND IT WOULD BE THE SAME.

THE CABBIE'S A MOTHER-LY OLD TRANSVESTITE, TALKATIVE AND WAY TOO CURIOUS.

GOOD-BYE, SHE SAID.

HER LAST WISH. HER LAST COMMAND.

I GET OUT AT EIGHTH AND BROADWAY.

PHILLIPS 66

MY MASTERCARD BUYS ME FIVE GALLONS AND THE CAN IT COMES IN.

THE MATCHES I STEAL.

IT ENDS TONIGHT, MY LOVE.
GOOD-BYE.
HE WAS RIGHT.
THE PRIEST WAS RIGHT.

"YOU MUST LET GO OF HER," HE SAID.

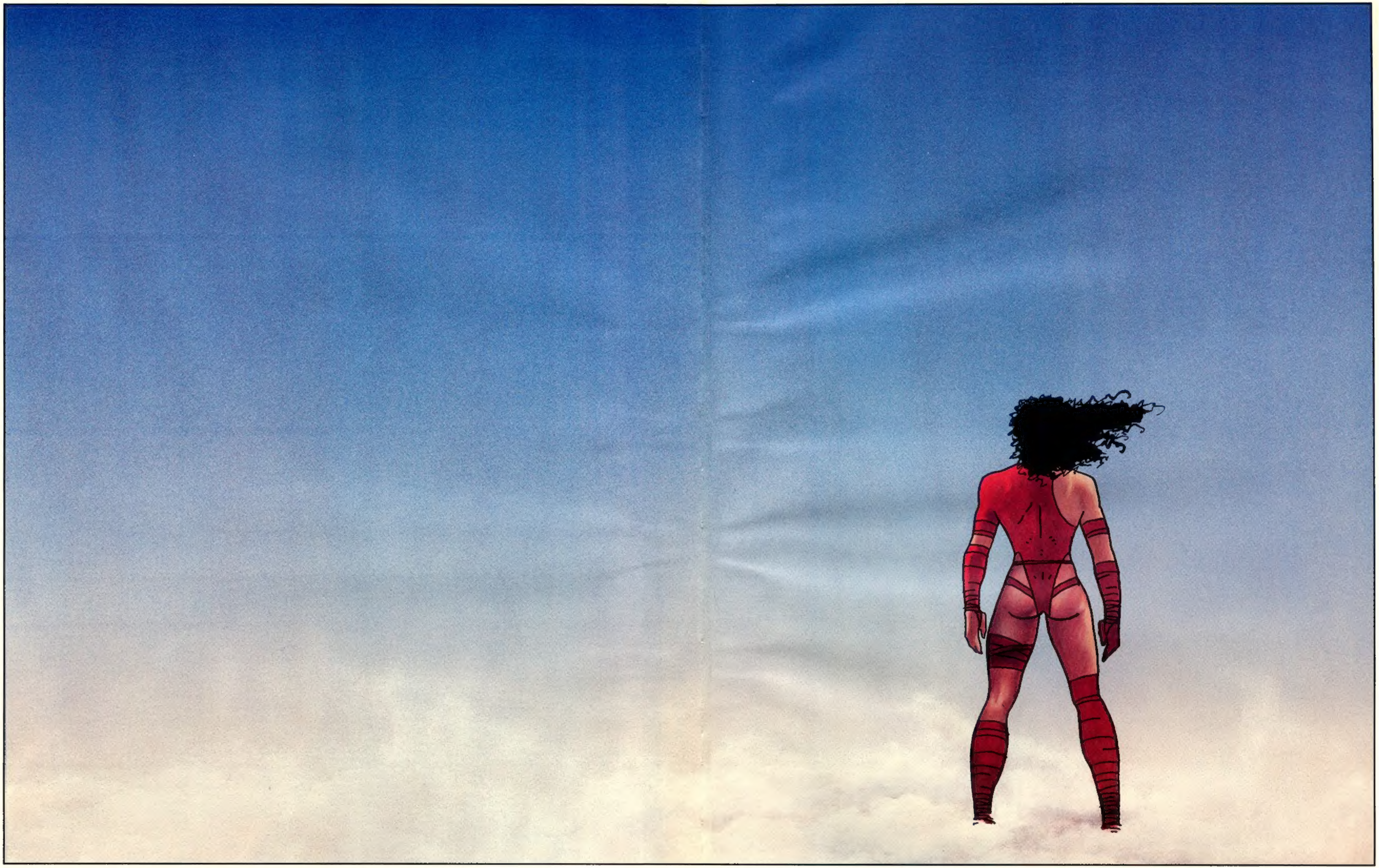
SHE WASN'T HAUNTING ME. I WAS HAUNTING *HER.*

"YOU MUST LET GO OF OF HER"...

THE *FIRE*--EVEN FROM ACROSS THE *STREET* IT'S *BLISTERING.*

BUT SHE'S *COLD.*

SHE'S SOMEPLACE COLD.



THANKS TO
MARGARET CLARK
GEOF DARROW
JO DUFFY
ARCHIE GOODWIN